

YOOHOO

Sun lights up a pelt  
of dust on the receiver.

Being unexpected,  
this is a kind of call.

Cross names out  
and things are all made up

of contrary, percussive,  
adjectival tugs.

I remember someone  
wrestled an angel,

a signal.

\*

The present's chronic  
revision

which a poem  
re-enacts.

The open vowel  
(peek-a-boo)  
pelvis

through which you  
“came into this world”

sits on the shelf

in a mausoleum

now,

world on either side of it